

Joe Hawkins



Revueille



Newark, Ohio.

January 1915

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FOR
HIGH SCHOOL
BOYS

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Reveille

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EDITORIAL

The editorial board of the "Reveille" send out an earnest appeal to you in this issue to co-operate with them in raising some money. We cannot manage this publication with success unless we have some finances to back us up. As this is called a paper published by the students of "Newark High," we naturally expect student support. We are expecting to start a subscription campaign after the next issue of the "Reveille" and we earnestly solicit your financial support. Particulars of this campaign will be announced later.

The High School Minstrel is progressing fine. Prof. Klopp has all of the Carusos and Williams' selected from the ranks and files of the deluded pupils who think that they can sing and are training them thoroughly. Prof. Klopp prescribes three (3) lemons before breakfast in order to improve throat action and he advises them to attend all basket ball games to keep their vocal pipes in good strong condition so that he can astonish his hearers at the minstrel. The boys have some mighty fine songs that they are going to hand out when the time comes, and we all wish them a great success and may they give us a good long laugh.

Again Father Time has borne our America through a year which has made us more thankful than ever that we live in a "land of the free and home of the brave." We can only realize how great the past year has been when we compare its consequences with those of other nations.

The first cause toward making the American spirit feel the value of all this

is peacefulness, which, on account of it, we may say that none of our great purposes have been thwarted. Thus not only has peace afforded this but it has given reason for us to appreciate more fully the double advantages about us, one of the greatest of which lies in our schools. In them we find a way that will lead to the building up of a great nation, our foremost aspiration. Think and rejoice now how favorably our future outlook compares with that of our foreign fellow-students, who living in countries which cruel war has laid waste, depriving them of their brightest hopes and leaving them to fight life's battles without parents, homes, churches or schools.

When examination time draws near, it sometimes arouses in one's mind the question as to whether or not all pupils should be required to take the examinations. We probably think how hard some have tried to be exempt from the examinations and we compare them with others whose success has been marked by that reward and think how easily it has been gained. Then we think, well they deserved it and if I had worked myself up to the full meaning of that word "got" that Mr. Ehrmsberg likes, I, too, would have had a like success. So finally we come to the conclusion that since examinations are for us to take, it would be better that we bear them cheerfully and think the while, that we are doing something that we do not like to do but at the same time it will profit us something, for true it is we always gain in doing that which seems hard and in doing we will only learn to master some other thing that will be greater.



A wise old owl sat on an oak;
 The more he heard the less he spoke;
 The less he spoke the more he heard;
 Why are not we more like that bird.

A VACATION IN LONDON

One of the most delightful trips which I have ever taken or ever expect to take was to Europe and especially did I enjoy my visit in London, which is one of the most beautiful as well as the largest city in the world. London is prettiest in the late spring and early fall of the year. Its magnificent buildings and stately palaces add greatly to its natural beauty. Although London is not regularly planned and laid out, it soon becomes quite easy for strangers to travel about in it. The two decked auto buses and the subway, called by the English the "tube," are the popular means of transit in the city.

In the suburbs of the city are found the magnificent homes of the Royalty and the wealthy aristocratic people of London. Throughout these suburbs are also found the more humble homes of the great middle and poorer classes.

On the first day of our sojourn in London, we went to the famous Tower of London, which is situated on the bank of the river Thames. This is a stone building covered by ivy which gives it a very historic appearance. The grounds about the Tower are made beautiful by shrubs and flowers on one side and, on the other, by a very high wall which was used in the olden days to enclose a portion of the grounds about which the more royal prisoners might wander. After viewing the grounds by the paths as the guards directed us, we found our way single-file up a narrow winding staircase which was

formed of huge blocks of stone. Having climbed three or four flights of these staircases, we came to an upper floor of the Tower on which are kept the arms of all English heroes. Leaving that room, we walked up another staircase to an apartment where we found arms and weapons of all kinds used by the early ancestors of the British. Then we climbed the last stairs to the top floor which is the treasury of the crown jewels. This, to some people, is the most interesting room of the Tower. Leaving the Tower, we arrived at the Death Chamber, where the Royal prisoners were confined just before their execution. After leaving this dungeon-like apartment, we passed an interesting collection of cannon, the spoil of foreign wars. From this room we passed to the Green. To the north of the Green is the scaffold, now paved with granite by the order of Queen Victoria, on which were beheaded Lady Jane Gray and the Earl of Essex. Between the moat and the river is a broad quay with seats affording a pleasant and interesting outlook. Crossing this quay, we passed along the promenade to the eastward and the Iron Gates and ascended the step of the Tower Bridge.

The Tower Bridge, built by the city corporation at the cost of one and a half million pounds, was opened on June 30, 1894. The bridge is of especial interest because of the raised foot-way, one hundred and forty-two feet above sea level, reached

by elevators and stairs, is the Gothic Tower. The center span is two hundred feet long, while those on either side having chain suspension are two hundred and seventy feet in length. After watching the bridge raised, we left to go to our lunch and visited Westminster Abbey in "friends in Chicago?"

the afternoon.

Westminster Abbey is built in the form of a Latin cross and is usually entered by the door in the north transept, near Saint Margaret's church. This entrance bears the name of Solomon's Porch. As we passed through the Abbey we came to the Poet's corner which is famous throughout the English-speaking world for the memories of all great English bards and writers from Chancer to Tennyson, which are placed here. Only a very few of the writers are really buried here, but this is the spot chosen for such commemoration as art can give. In this building all the well-known sculpturing of ancient times is preserved and as we passed down the great transept we came to the historic Coronation stone in the Coronation chair, which was constructed in the year 1297. Another interesting feature of the Abbey is the great and beautiful organ. We wandered about the halls examining the various tablets and monuments until it became rather dark, when we decided to return home until another day.

We decided to go to one of the many art galleries which are situated in London and chose the Tate gallery which exhibits some of the best of English art.

As we were staying in London only a few days, we could not see all we wished, so a few days after our visit to Westminster Abbey and the Tower we viewed the gardens of Buckingham Palace, which are

considered to be some of the most beautiful in the world.

One of the most interesting places in London to a stranger is Hyde Park, which is situated near Buckingham Palace. Entering the Park, we have on the left the well-known Rotten-Row, which extends for a mile and a half and is reserved exclusively for riders. The carriage drive adjoining is thronged with carriages of the aristocracy on a fine afternoon in the summer time. During this season a very accomplished orchestra fills the park with its music from its position in the center of the park.

The next day of our visit in London we visited the Kensington Palace, which stands at the end of the Kensington gardens, and where Queen Victoria was born and spent most of her childhood.

As the next day was Sunday we planned to visit the world-wide market of Petticoat Lane. This market is composed of foreigners who sell laces and second hand goods. It is also noted for its numerous thieves who steal a package of a passerby and be at the other end of the market to sell it to him. This is one of the most curious experiences that can befall one, a stranger to such practices.

As our last day in London arrived, we decided to visit the Kew Gardens, where botanical specimens from all parts of the world may be studied. Nowhere in London is instruction more pleasantly conveyed. The visitors may wander at will through this lordly park the grounds of which comprise stately avenues, rambling walks, lakes and ponds, palm houses and gorgeous flowers.

The next day we left London, sorry to leave its beauty, yet glad to seek relief from the noisy traffic. —R. C. D. '18.

JOHNNY'S DILEMA

"Come on, Johnny, here comes our car. Drop that stick and come here right away. Watch out! Didn't you see that truck coming?"

"Naw," was Johnny's reply. "It didn't come nowhere near hittin' me."

Little Johnny and his big sister, Mary, were down town shopping. Before leaving home Johnny had promised to mind his sister but of course he forgot it, as little boys do, and began to be his natural self. Now that they were ready to go home he thought nothing of his promise to be good since the shopping was finished.

"Goodness, I hope the car isn't crowded; I'm tired as I can be. Here, Johnny, take this box and carry it. Be careful now. I'll help you up the steps."

"Naw," came from Johnny again. "I'm big enough to git up 'em myself."

"Hurry up there, young feller!" yelled the conductor.

"Well, I guess I am," replied Johnny.

"Inside, please!" the conductor ordered. So in they went.

The car was crowded, chiefly with ladies going home from their afternoon of shopping. All the seats were occupied and the aisles were full of standing women and few men. Mary and Johnny were compelled to stand also.

"I'll get a strap to hold to and you stand beside me; don't hang to my coat, you'll pull it all out of shape," ordered Mary.

Johnny obeyed the command. It made him restless to stand. He wanted to do something.

"The mean old thing," he thought; "I'll get even with her before we get home, too."

Then his brain went to work, mechanically, to manufacture a piece of devilry. It didn't take long, for his brain was accustomed to such duty.

"I got it! I got it!" he gurgled to himself, but almost out loud. "After she's paid the conductor, I'll reach in her pocket an' git 'er pocketbook an' then when she gets home she'll think she's lost it. Oh, gee! I wish he'd git them tickets."

Just then the conductor stopped his thinking with, "Where's your ticket, young feller?"

"She's got 'em," was his reply, punching Mary in the back.

"Tickets, please, Mam."

So Mary paid the fare and Johnny's little piece of devilry was ready to start.

The conductor in collecting the fares jolted Johnny from his original position, but he didn't seem to notice it in the least.

"Now, here it goes, old girl; gee, but you'll wish you didn't treat me so mean. Yep, that's her in front of me, one of them three layer skirts and a checkered coat. I wonder which pocket she put it in. If it ain't in one it's in the other. Here it is, first shot out of the box—gee, it's heavy, I didn't know she had that much money. Golly, it'll worry her when she finds it out. Maybe it's some of Maw's. Guess so, Sis never had much."

Shortly after this their ride ended. They got off the car and had several blocks to walk before reaching their home. While passing a candy store Johnny ventured to ask: "Say, Mary, won't you gimme a nickel to git some candy?"

"Of course," she replied, "you've been a pretty good boy this afternoon." With this she drew out her pocketbook and handed Johnny a bright five-cent piece.

Johnny was nonplused. He began to tremble. His face became pale. His brain was in a whirl.

"Why, Johnny," asked his sister, "what's the matter? Are you sick, or are you surprised at my generosity?"

"Hugh ugh," he grunted. "Let's go."

home." So home they went.

Arriving there, Mary reported the incident to her mother and the investigation then began.

She summoned Johnny to her.

Johnny came with a look of awe upon his face, only too glad.

"Now, Johnny," his mother began, "out with it: are you sick or have you been up to some mischief again; out with it, quick."

"Well, Maw, when me an' Mary was a standin' in the car I thought I'd play a joke on her, so I took her pocketbook out of her pocket an' when we was a passin' old Jake's I asked her for a nickel to git some candy, so I could tease her when she couldn't find her pocketbook, but she opened her pocketbook an' gimme a nickel. I guess I got in some other woman's pocket on the car an' got hers. Gee, I'm scared. What'll I do if the police come?"

"I know," interrupted his mother. In

an instant she seated herself, jerked Johnny across her lap, seized a hair brush that was lying near and then Johnny received the best warming that he had ever experienced. His yells could be heard for a block around. Nobody inquired where the strange sounds came from, for everybody knew that Johnny lived there.

When his mother had finished, she ordered: "To bed with you, young man, and no supper for you tonight."

"Aw please, Maw," came between sobs, "I'm hungry."

There was a rush for the stairs, a swish and a crack of a hair brush and once more the yells of little Johnny penetrated the ears of the passerby.

After Johnny had departed up the stairs, his mother remarked:

"Oh, my, what will I ever do with that boy? Now, I'll have to go and advertise in tomorrow's paper for a pocketbook that was found on the street car."

—R. S. W.

A JOKE ON SOMEONE

Robert Austin was a young man whose character could be depicted by one word. That word was "impulsive." He was a freshman in an eastern college of high standing, and was to be initiated into a fraternity very soon.

A very good friend of his, "Pudge" Ramey by name, was already a member, much to Robert's discomfort, for Pudge was inclined to be rather high and mighty.

A football game was to be held on Tuesday. This game was a great event since it was to decide where the championship lay.

On Monday evening Robert, or Bob as he was called, met Pudge on the campus.

"Counting on going to the game, Bob?" asked Pudge.

"Sure," answered Bob. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Well, of course something might happen at the last minute to keep you from going."

And something did happen.

The next day the initiation took place. For Bob it consisted in his being locked in his room and his clothes taken away to insure his not going to the game.

"I must do something to get ahead of them," thought Bob. "It's a shame to stay away from that game! I just won't! If I can't get one on Pudge, I'm no good." Then in a moment he continued, "Hurrah! I've an idea. Thank fortune, there is a telephone here."

He made a dash to the phone and gave a quick message. In a few minutes a large package was brought to the door.

This was shoved through the transom and soon Bob and the bundle were on the same side of the door.

The package was opened and Bob gave an exclamation of joy. "Just what I wanted."

In a few minutes Bob had disappeared and in his place was a girl, looking a great deal like him nevertheless.

"Crickets! It's a good thing I always saved calling cards. Here's one, 'Miss Mae Van Dyke.' Sound sort of lofty but I guess it will do. Well, here goes. I only hope my wig won't come off."

Then came an exit from a window to the roof of a porch and then to the ground.

When Bob entered the grounds where the game was to be held, he went up to

Pudge, and, changing his voice inquired, "Pardon me, but isn't this Mr. Ramey?"

Being answered in the affirmative, he continued, "I've heard so much about you from a very good friend of mine; in fact, sort of a relative, Bob Austen."

"Oh, yes, indeed. He's a great old pal, Bob is. Say, do you know what is happening to him today?"

"Why—What?"

"He's being initiated into the fraternity."

"Really?" And there Bob couldn't help laughing.

Pudge became very gallant and completely forgot about the game, especially because he had a part in the initiation. He continued:

"Er—you know—I'm already a member."

Bob urged him on by saying, "Are you really? Do let me see your pin!"

Pudge was charmed and gave it up without a word. But all at once he remem-

bered something. "Oh, you know—I didn't quite get your name—"

Bob answered, "How stupid of me! I supposed of course you knew me. Here, have a card."

Pudge thought as he read the name on the card, "Miss Mae Van Dyke. It's queer but I'm hanged if I can remember hearing Bob speak of her." Then turning to Bob, he said: "Oh, certainly! Bob has often spoken of you."

After the game Pudge walked around the campus with Bob. In one of the moments when the conversation lagged Pudge said: "Miss Van Dyke, may I ask just what relation you are to Bob Austen?"

Bob tried to reply sanely, but burst out laughing. Then he said: "Pudge Ramey! To think that you can be fooled—Oh! It's too good to be true! Ha! Ha!"

"Bob Austen! If you aren't paid back for this, I don't know my name!" was Pudge's indignant reply.

—E. M. J. '16.

THE GOVERNOR'S SPEECH

About half a century ago, in one of our eastern states, the candidates for governor were going about from town to town making speeches and trying to win the votes of the people. Among the candidates was the Governor himself, who was working for re-election.

On a certain Tuesday in August it was reported that he would speak in the town of Hamilton. All manner of preparations had been made for his reception, and all of the housewives of the town had baked enough pies and cakes to feed an army, for all knew that Uncle and Aunt Everybody and all the cousins Anybody would come to hear the speech.

When finally the day arrived a crowd began to gather in the market-place long before the townspeople had breakfasted, and by ten o'clock, the time when the Governor was expected to arrive, all the space in sight of the Governor's platform was packed, and the trees about the town-house loaded down with little boys.

In the tree which shaded the Governor's platform, Andy Lathargy, an urchin of the town, perched on a branch directly above where the Governor would stand when addressing the people. He was hid-

den by the foliage, and while the crowd pushed and jostled in the hot August sun, he sat in solitude enjoying the coolness of his retreat.

At about ten-thirty the Mayor and some of the leading men of the town arrived, but only to announce to the eager throng that the Governor's train was late. Andy, however, heard more, for the Mayor whispered to the Minister and the other men that the Governor had missed connections and would not arrive until one o'clock. All fell to discussing what they could do to amuse the hot, restless throng before them. All of their suggestions were worthless, but often where grown men fail, little boys show themselves masters of success, and Andy soon had a plan, of which he afterward declared Napoleon might have been proud.

He slid down from the tree and forced his way through the mass of people. Many frowned at him and said things under their breath when he bumped into them, but this did not worry Andy, and he was soon hurrying toward home.

His father and mother were, of course, in the market-place, but Andy managed easily to get in and upstairs window with

the aid of a grapevine and the back porch roof; in fact, it was often his means of entrance and exit, when, after some misdeed, he was sent to his room to repent.

He got out his Sunday clothes and sliding down to the ground again, made his way to the pump. After some time he emerged from the back yard into the street, but soap and water and clothes had wrought such a change that his own mother didn't know him when next he appeared before her.

He made his way to the depot and sat down behind a pile of boxes to await the arrival of the eleven-ten train. It soon came in sight and Andy was standing on the rear steps when it stopped at the station.

The Mayor and the Minister were there again for they were worried lest the Governor might possibly come despite his message. Andy dropped off beside them but neither recognized him, the former knowing him only as a ragged rascal who was eternally making trouble, and the latter—well, the latter had never had the pleasure of meeting our young friend.

"I'm the Governor's little boy," said Andy with an angelic smile at the minister; "Pop missed the train but I didn't, and I thought maybe I could talk to the people till he got here."

The Mayor and the minister shook his hand and patted his head, telling him that he was a good little boy to come and entertain the people. Then they hurried him toward the market-place. Andy asked questions about the people and admired the houses and even allowed a couple of tears to roll down his cheeks when he learned that the town pump was broken (he had helped do the deed that very morning).

He felt very proud of himself when at last he was installed on the platform and introduced as the Governor's son. Everyone applauded and pushed and crowded until they were twice as hot as before. Then he began his speech.

I shall not try to repeat that gem of

literature here, let it suffice that the people cheered themselves hoarse and that the whole speech was printed in the weekly paper. He touched upon all of their needs and promised them a new church and a town pump if they would vote for his father. He was just beginning to offer to lower the taxes when the Governor himself appeared, having come on a freight train to avoid being so late.

For just one second, Andy forgot what he was talking about and meditated flight, but he then remembered himself and just as the Governor reached the platform, he piped out in a shrill voice, "Hello, pop, I'm putting in the time for you," and then to the Governor's amazement, he outlined to him the first part of his speech, that none of it need be repeated, and turning again to the people introduced "Pop" to them, while the Mayor, who had a speech of an hour's length prepared for that purpose, stood looking on too surprised to protest.

The Governor rose, still a little dazed. He had always hated to make speeches and today he had expected the task to be doubly unpleasant for he was always at a loss as to what to say to the country people whose lives were so different from his. He knew that the boy had won them for they were still watching him. Here was a chance indeed and the Governor's speech that day was probably the shortest ever made in any politician's career. He only said, "My good people, I am sure that I can trust my boy to say what is right, and the best I can do, I believe, is to say "Amen" to all that he has spoken to you." Then amid the roar of applause he turned and kissed Andy.

Luckily the Governor found it necessary to take the next train from Hamilton and had no time to attend the Mayor's banquet, else Andy might have been missed at home. The two heroes walked side by side to the station, Andy thanking the Governor for not telling on him, the Governor thanking Andy for winning the votes of the people.

Both entered the train together but Andy jumped off on the opposite side, and after removing his shoes and stockings, took the short cut for home at a pace that would have made Phidippides hustle.

He appeared at dinner as ragged and almost as dirty as ever, and neither his father nor mother guessed that they were entertaining a Governor's son while they sat and scolded their offspring for being so worthless, when a boy no older than himself could make a speech before all of the people. In fact no one knew until

after the election when the news had spread that the votes of Hamilton district had given the Governor a big majority. Then one day a package arrived at the postoffice for Andy, and he, suspecting nothing, opened it in the presence of the postmaster. There before his eyes lay a gold watch, and engraved on the back he read: "To Andrew Lathargy, with the Compliments of the Governor." It is needless to say that the news spread rapidly—within three days it was the talk of the whole countryside.

—A. B. '16.

A PICTURE OF POMPEI

Translated from the German.

"I will give you a picture of Pompeii," said the moon. "I was in the suburbs, in the 'Street of the Tombs,' as it is called, where the beautiful monuments stand. Here a long time ago the young men with rose garlands around their temples danced with the beautiful Sisters of Lais.

"Now here reigned the silence of the grave; German mercenary soldiers in the Neapolitan service held watch, played cards and played at dice. A troop of travelers from the other side of the Alps entered into the city, escorted by a guard. In my full light they could see the city rising out of the moat, and I pointed out to them the tracks of the carriage wheels in the lava blocks of the paved streets. I showed them the signboards and they even saw in the small court-yards, the fountains lined with shells; also the brazen dog who guarded the door of the richly painted apartments.

"It was the city of the dead; only Mount Vesuvius thundered his everlasting song. We went to the Temple of Venus, erected out of snow white marble with its high altar at the end of its broad stairs. The sky was clear and blue and the background was formed by Mount Vesuvius, out of

which fire and smoke rose like the Stone-pine, but in blood-red light.

"Among the company was a beautiful and talented songstress. When they approached the Forum they all took seats on the stone steps of the Amphitheatre, which was filled as it had been thousands of years ago. The stage stood still unchanged with side scenes and arches; the mountains between Sorrento and Almalfi, as they had been in those days. The songstress ascended the stage and began to sing. The place inspired her, like the wild horse of Arabia who bristled his mane and ran away, it was the same ease and confidence; like 'Our Lady of Sorrows' and 'Golgotha's Cross,' it was the same deep felt pain. Around about sounded applause and cheering. 'Fortunate woman, gifted by Heaven,' they cried. Five minutes later the stage was empty; the company disappeared; the sound ceased— all were gone; but the ruins stand unchanged and will stand for a hundred years. No one will know about the appearance of the moment or of the beautiful lady, all will be forgotten; but for myself this time will be a vanishing moment.

—G. H. '15.



ALUMNI.

ERhodes'14



On Thanksgiving Day the marriage of Miss Helen Ewing '14, to Mr. Newton Paulsen was solemnized. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's grandmother on Sixteenth street, Elder Hite of Marion, O., officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Paulsen will make their home at 62 Grant street in this city.

A reunion of the class of 1911 was held on New Year's Eve at the home of Miss Martha Hartshorn on the Granville road. The evening was informally spent and a buffet lunch was served. A large number of the class were present.

On December 28 Captain William A. Burnside passed through Newark on his way to Los Angeles, where he will make a visit. Captain Burnside is stationed with the Fourteenth Regiment at Texas City, Texas. He has been in Mexico for the last three years and was stationed at the American embassy as military attache, and was there during the stay of Nelson O'Shaughnessy, President Wilson's personal representative, as his aide.

Captain Burnside graduated from Newark High School with the class of 1891.

Ralph Laughlin '13, has been elected one of the two assistant managers of the Ohio State University football team for the season of 1915. He has also been selected as one of the debaters for the Ohio, Indiana, Illinois triangular debate in March. The question for debate is: Resolved, That the federal government should own and operate all telephone and telegraph lines in the United States.

The class of 1913, of which Gray Swingle

was president, has decided to leave as its memorial to the High School, one hundred dollars. This money is to be used for building a grandstand at the White Athletic Field. This gift will certainly be appreciated as a grandstand is very much needed.

During the week before the holidays quite a number of the Alumni visited the High School. We are always glad to see them back again and glad to know that they are still interested in what the school is doing. The visitors were: Dale McNamar '14, Marjorie Lawhead '14, Russel Long '13, Don Simkins '09, Frederick Chase '12, Harold Lamp '10, Vilas Long '11, Wilfred Rawlings '14, Frederick Andrews '14, Clifford Sherbourne '13, William Ingler ex. '15, John Braddock ex. '15, Theodric Neal ex. '14, Pul Grove '13, Ralph Laughlin '13, Miss Anna Robinson '06, Gladys Ayers '12, Lillian Brady '14, Clyde Adams, Gray Swingle '13, Paul Rugg '12, Frank Spencer ex. '16, Mary Elizabeth Fuller '14, Charles Starrett, Nellie Bolin '14, Ada Snelling '13, Frank Mayer '11, Belford Cheadle '14, Daniel Weiney '12, Nellie Ballou '12, Fred Nehls '14, Byron Prior '11, Nellie Russell '14, Roy Priest '12, Carl Walker '12, Sarah Walker '10, Amy Montgomery '14, Selma Hamann '13, Antoinette Carroll '14, Katherine Long '13, Hazel Dicken ex. '16, Camille Windle ex. '14, Katherine Musser ex. '15, Gladys Wright '13, Jerome Norpell '14, Edwin Stedem ex. '14, Harry S'egle '14, Park Chase, Besse Glenn, Mrs. Tenny Reese (Mabel Glenn) 1900, Quincy Cheadle '12, Katherine Sturgeon '14, Olga Schleiffer ex. '16, Stella Davis ex. '16, Ralph Edwards, Stanley Wilson '13, Ralph Trittippo '13.



HERE AND THERE



The monster, Examinations, is just around the corner again, waiting with a ravenous appetite until the twentieth of January, when he may make his appearance and swallow up the fat, rosy little children who have gone to bed early during first semester.

The door, back of which the grinding has been heard for some months, is now open to freedom and the grinders are able to squeeze out. But the fat little youngsters, before mentioned, who take their places for a night or so find the passage too narrow for escape and must suffer torture until the monster's hunger is satisfied.

The last day before Christmas vacation was certainly a glorious one for Tobias Peter and the pupils of Miss Foos's German classes. As it was the last day that Toby would spend at High School, each German class gave him a Christmas present as a way of expressing their appreciation of having had him with them during a part of the year. Some of these gifts were a train, a battleship, various games, leggings, gloves and overshoes, a cake, candy and popcorn, and some new books to take to school—in fact, he received nearly everything that a little boy would desire.

There were no lessons in the classes that day; the time was spent just in being happy and enjoying the happiness of Tobias. At the close of the periods, Toby shook hands with each of the pupils and said "Goodby, until we meet again."

The pupils in Miss Larason's session room are very good friends of Santa Claus and knowing that he was very busy this year, they packed a Christmas box to send where they were afraid he would not find time to go. The box must have been a large one judging from the amount which was brought to fill it. There were thirty-six cans of fruit, meat, potatoes, toys, clothing and a great many other things which would bring joy to those who received the gift.

We feel that Room Seven has done

something just a little nicer than any other room in the building.

The Juniors are feeling prouder than ever before since their new pins have arrived, but they have good reason, for never have prettier pins made their appearance at High School. (Of course, the Seniors' pins are quite as pretty.)

Our third number of the lecture course was given on December 13th, by Bishop Edwin Hughes. The subject of his interesting address was "The Biography of a Boy."

On Friday, December 18th, Santa Claus (Elenore Johnson) paid a visit to the Thaliens in Room Sixteen. Each girl received a joke present, in most cases exactly the article she needed most. After Santa's pack had been emptied Miss Lindsay gave the society a big treat of fudge. Everyone did her share in helping this part of the program to disappear.

The High School's Thanksgiving contribution this year was very liberal, the total amount collected from all session rooms being forty dollars and fifty-five cents. Room Six had the largest, single collection, four dollars and seventy-six cents. Evidently the Freshmen are not spending all of their money for the goodies of which we are all so fond in childhood.

At some time in the future Mr. Gingery intends to make a pedestal for Minerva, who for so long has been standing on the floor in the lower hall. This Mt. Olympus is to be perfectly plain as its purpose is not to adorn the hall, but to lift Minerva above the common throng of mundane mortals.

A number of the girls in Room Seventeen sold Red Cross stamps at the Davis store during the holiday season.

Miss Clark and the girls who take Domestic Science made candy as a Christmas present for the Board of Education.

Miss McCoy's classes made the boxes in which to offer the gift.

The final tryouts for the debate were held about Christmas time. The result is: First team—Leland Stevenson, Raymond Cramer, Robert Wilkin and Helen Peck; second team—Lou Ella Hawkins, Edward Pearsall, Robert Swingle and Forrest Keckley.

Mr. Parker has passed the state bar examination and is now a full fledged lawyer.

Mr. Bowers, Mr. Beatty and Mr. Dickerson are now the possessors of life certificates.

Session rooms nineteen, seventeen and seven looked very festive at Christmas time this year, all being decorated with laurel and evergreen. It would be very hard to decide which was the prettiest, so the best way probably to settle the discussion is by keeping quiet.

The new board of control of the central district of the Ohio High School Athletic Association is as follows: President, Supt. S. H. Layton, Lancaster; Secretary-Treasurer, Prin. Oren J. Barnes, Newark; Prin. C. S. Barrett, South High, Columbus. There are twenty-nine schools in this district.

Prof. Moninger has been for some time past teaching a class of thirty-four foreigners at the Riverside School. The money for carrying on this work is furnished by the Women's Federated Clubs.

Sometimes from out the silence deep,
When study hall has gone to sleep,
Comes such a sound that as one lists
We think that chaos still exist,
When Philip sneezes.

On fears the walls are falling in,
Amid the great concussion's din;
But don't despair, you'll be alright,
Just shut your eyes and hold on tight
When Philip sneezes.

Tobias Peter has bidden farewell to the High School and is now enrolled at the Hartzler building. During the time that Miss Foss spent in tutoring him he mastered enough of English that he may easily enter the grammar schools. He also

has gone through the first four readers and has studied geography, grammar and arithmetic. We miss him greatly in class, but are glad to know that he is getting along so splendidly.

Mr. Parker has organized a class in Argumentation which will meet in the evening after school. There are at present about seventy-five members. This class is in no way connected with the regular debating work, its purpose is to accustom the pupils to speaking in public. The discussions will probably concern various points in the works of Poe and Sherlock Holmes, some of which will be read during the term.

On Saturday, November 21st, Lillian Seymour, Mildred Meredith, Thelma Mazey, Martha Grace Miller, Elizabeth Hazlett, Nellie Morse, Elizabeth Kibler and Elenore Johnson went as delegates to the High School Y. W. C. A. conference in Granville.

On Wednesday, December 23rd, a Christmas program was given in chapel by the Junior class. This was the second public program given this year, the first having been given by the Seniors on Thanksgiving. Both entertainments were very successful and were enjoyed much by the visitors and the school. Following is the Junior program:

Opening Chorus—"Holy Night" . . . School
Two songs by Mr. Tobias Peter.

"The Man Who Stole the Castle."

(A Christmas play in one act by Galion and Linn).

Cast of Characters:

Jack Dalwyn, the man who stole the castle Lee Williams
Hankey, his man of law . . . Paul Buckland
Cummings, his steward . . . Ralph Woltjen
Dame Cummings, his housekeeper . .
. Grace Kussmaul
Mistress Barbara Elverton . . . Ava Ballou
Sir Richard Elverton Donald Power
Villagers who sing carols
Della Colville, Gladys Drumm, Dorothy Roeser, Olive Howard, Helen Rossel, Hazel Dicken, Tobias Peter, Luola Deming, Catherine Wolfe, Lela Davis, Bessie Irwin, Katherine Johns, Grace Berry, Elogeanne Wickham, Robert Swingle, Loyal Snelling, Edward Pearsall, Frank Graham, Leon Pfeifer.
Pianist Martha Sachs

The Christmas tree which was used on the stage was taken to the Texas school where it was decorated for the children in that part of the city. They appreciated it very much and thought it especially wonderful because it came from the High School.

On Friday evening, October 16th, Inez Korb entertained with an informal party. The hours were from eight till eleven. There were five tables of guessing games, at the conclusion of which prizes were awarded to Dale Warner, Grace Kilworth and Taylor Franks. At a late hour an elaborate two course supper was served to the following guests: Kathryn Davis, Mery Simpson, Adria Harrison, Bernice Catt, Grace Kilworth, Doris Avery, Ula Hess, Mary Franks, Dale Warner, Homer Easterday, Leland Stevenson, Lee Williams, Guy Bazler, George Pfeffer, Taylor Franks, Herschel Stephan and Paul Needham of Columbus.

The Juniors have chosen for their play, "The Prince of Liars," by Sydney Grundy. Grundy wrote many original

plays, but this one is founded on the German of Von Moser. It has proved a great success in the hands of amateurs as well as professionals. It is an amusing comedy in three acts. The parts are of nearly equal importance.

The following cast has been chosen:

Arthur Hummingtop.....	Edward Pearsall
Ralph Omerod.....	Lee Williams
Joshua Gillibrand.....	Robert Swingle
Dobson.....	Ralph Woltjen
Mrs. Hummingtop.....	Catherine Wolfe
Mrs. Gillibrand.....	Grace Kussmaul
Rosa Colembier.....	Elizabeth Clayton
Daisy Maitland.....	Lela Davis
Barbara.....	Ruth Hart

The play will take place on Thursday, January 28th.

Tobias Peter left a little note with Miss Fooks during the last period on Wednesday before vacation; translated it reads as follows:

Today is the last day, tomorrow I must go; but it is so hard to leave my many friends. I am so sorry to leave my friends and my good teacher. From Tobias Peter to Miss Fooks.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF N. H. S.

I. Thou shalt not quill the faculty that thy grades may rise accordingly.

II. Thou shalt not steal thy neighbor's note book tho' thine own be suffering.

III. Thou shalt not haze the freshmen, for it is unjust.

IV. Thou shalt not enter the building at night, for it has been tried.

V. Thou shalt not write notes to thy neighbor, lest thy teacher respect thy learning.

VII. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's pompadour, nor his rooky hat, nor his daily average, nor his stand-in with the faculty, nor thy teacher's grade book, nor anything else that is thy neighbor's.

VIII. Thou shalt not petition the faculty, ere thou receivest thy semester grade for it is ungood.

IX. Thou shalt not place a tack on thine enemy's chair at more than an angle of forty-five degrees, if thou wishest to enter the roll of honor.

X. Thou shalt courteously overlook the noise and clamor of the Seniors, in their busy world, tho' it disturb thy study.

—Ex.



THE FRESHMEN-SOPHMORE AFFAIR.

On November 20th, after school, the Sophmores eliminated the Freshmen from the race by the score of 2 to 0.

The game from the first was hard fought. In the first quarter the Freshmen took the ball over for a touchdown, but were penalized 15 yards for pushing.

The Sophmores got their points in the



FREDERIC JONES

Manager Basket Ball Team

last three minutes of play. The ball was gradually worked to the Freshmen's five yard line where the Sophs were held for downs. The Freshmen then tried to punt. Plaine made a poor pass and O'Hara was downed behind his own goal for a safety which gave the Sophs the game.

The line up and summary:

Freshmen, 0.	Sophmores, 2.
	L. E.
Allen	Potter (C.)
	L. T.
Gregg	Hess

Hagg	L. G.	Woljen
	C.	Fuller
Plaine	R. G.	Martin
Russel	R. T.	Priest
Macaffee	B. E.	Simms
Donald	O.	Daves
Chestly	R. H.	Brubaker
Myers	L. H.	Beatty
Schimp	F.	
O'Hara (C.)		Thorp

Score by periods:

Sophmores	0	0	0	2
Freshmen	0	0	0	0

Substitutions—Sophmores, Emmons for Brubaker; Freshmen—Brown for Maccaffee.

Head linesman—Brown of N. H. S.
 Umpire—Stimpson of Iowa.
 Referee—Stimpson of Iowa.
 Time of quarters—10 minutes.

On November 21st, Newark High journeyed to Coshocton, where they were, according to the score, defeated 24 to 0, by Coshocton High.

To say the least, Coshocton takes the prize for "dirty playing" and unsportsmanlike conduct. We could readily understand after the game why Coshocton's visitors of the week before left the field and forfeited the game.

We are not trying to make any excuse for losing the game, but readily admit the fact that even though Coshocton had not resorted to rough tactics they might still have won the game.

It seems a shame whoever was responsible for the team and the management of the game would permit such conduct as was exhibited by some of the Coshocton

Such games can only hurt the sport and players and officials. reflect discredit upon the school permitting them.

Our boys deserve credit for the fight they made against such odds, and that they had the nerve to remain on the field of play and fight to the end of the game.

To the future generations of N. H. S., let this be a warning to give Coshocton a wide berth.

The summary and lineup:

Newark, 0. Coshocton, 24.

	L. E.	
Goodwin	Hess
	L. T.	
Hawkins	Hunt
	L. G.	
Orr	Vensel
	C.	
C. Mazey	Rinehart
	R. G.	
T. Mazey	Barcroft
	R. T.	
Wall	Hay
	R. E.	
Allen	L. Turner
	Q.	
Easterday (C.)	Brunskill
	R. H.	
Rawlings	Chaney
	L. H.	
Jones	H. Turner
	F.	

Young Love
 Touchdowns—Chaney, H. Turner, Love
 2; goals hailed—Love 4.

Substitutions—Newark, Warner for Allen, Ryan for Hawkins.

Head linesman—Ruffman of Coshocton.

Referee and umpire—Tidball of Coshocton, and Orr of Newark.

Time of quarters 12½ minutes.

JUNIORS 26—SOPHOMORES 6.

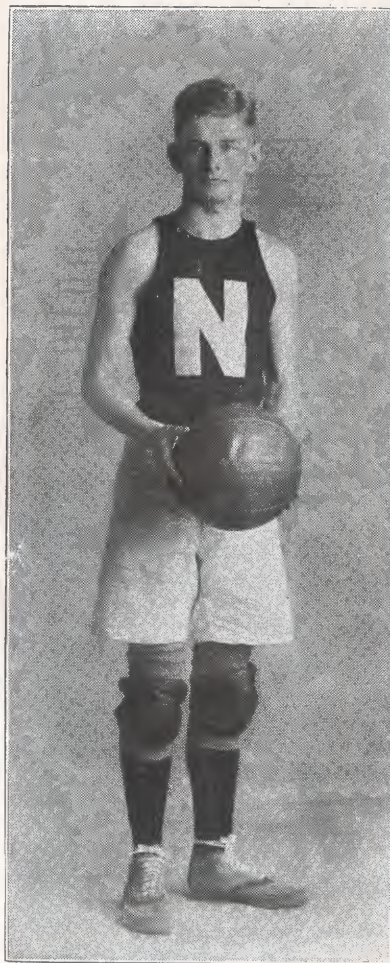
On November 25th, after school, the Juniors won the class championship by defeating the Sophmores by the score of 26 to 6.

The Juniors made their first score in the second quarter when Hendron carried the ball over and McKiterick kicked goal.

In the third quarter the Sophmores by two spectacular forward passes sent Sims across the Juniors goal. Woltjen failed to kick goal. In the same quarter De France carried the ball across for the Juniors. McKiterick failed to kick goal.

In the last quarter the Juniors went to

yards through a broken field for a touch-work in earnest. Bieberback ran 75 down. McKiterick failed to kick goal. Near the close of the game Hendron by a series of end runs carried the ball over for the final touchdown. McKiterick then kicked goal.



DALE WARNER
 Captain Basket Ball Team

The Juniors have a team of which they can well be proud of. It is not only an honor to the class but a credit to the school as well. It is to be hoped that many of its players will go out for the team next year.

The lineup and summary:

Juniors, 26. Sophmores, 6.

	L. E.	
Weiant	Hess

Mathews	L. T.	Woltjen
Howard	L. G.	Munch
McKiterick	C.	Fuller
Swingle	R. G.	Lahley
Thompson	R. T.	Priest
Pfleiger	R. E.	Sims
DeFrance	Q.	Emmons (C.)
Hendron	R. H.	Brubaker
Taylor	L. H.	Beatty
Bieberbach (C.)	F.	Tharp

Score by periods:
 Juniors 0 7 13 26
 Sophmores 0 0 6 6
 Substitutions—Sophmores, MacNamara for Lahley; Juniors, McLaughlin for Wient.

Touchdowns—Juniors, DeFrance, Bieberbach, Hendron 2; Sophmores, Sims.
 Goals from touchdown—McKiterick 2.
 Goals failed—McKiterick 2, Woltjen 1.
 Umpire—Brown of Ohio State.
 Referee—Long of Purdue.
 Time of quarters—10 minutes.

ALL HIGH TEAM.

In selecting an all High Team, the editor is somewhat handicapped. However, he has endeavored to pick a team from the teams that have played Newark High this season. This team is not expected to meet with the approval of all. The following, in the editor's estimation, and from reports brought back by the team, deserve a place on the mythical eleven:

First Team. Second Team.

MacDonald, North	L. E.	Reid, Delaware
Hawkins, Newark	L. T.	Main, Delaware
T. Mazey, Newark	L. G.	Mankey, North
C. Mazey, Newark	C.	Krieger, North
Thompson, Delaware	R. G.	Bell, Mt. Vernon
Hay, Coshocton	R. T.	Philips, Doane
Clayton (C.) Mt. Vernon	R. E.	Warner, Newark

Callander, Delaware	Q.	Abbott, Utica
McCullom, Doane	R. H.	Severn, Mt. Vernon
Jones, Newark	L. H.	Inlay (C.), Zanesville
Turner, North	F.	Love, Coshocton

As to the referees and umpires, they were all good but Hyer of Ohio Wesleyan deserves mention. He, undoubtedly, gave one of the best exhibitions of refereeing that has been seen on White Field for a long time.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON.

With the defeat of Coshocton, Newark High finished one of the most disastrous seasons in the way of victories that it has experienced for many seasons.

To the credit of the team, however, it must be said that considering the number of "green" men on the team they did very well. It is without doubt that the team played hard to win in every game with the possible exception of the game with Utica. Below are the scores of the games:

Opponents.	Newark High.
Granville High	6 12
Utica High	14 0
Doane Academy	13 7
Mt. Vernon High	30 0
Zanesville High	0 26
Gambier High	6 52
Delaware High	9 6
North High	41 0
Coshocton High	24 0

Total 143 103

It is the general opinion that Newark had Doane and Delaware beat, but was unable to win for some reason or other. It is hoped that old Newark High will be represented by a team next year which will be able to win a few more victories.

Below is given a table of the point getters for Newark. It can be seen that Jones, Brown and Easterday secured a majority of points for Newark.

Touchdowns.

Allen, 1.
Easterday, 4.
Brown, 3.
Jones, 4.
Young, 1.
Pfleiger, 1.
Warner, 1.
Rawlings, 1.

Jones did all the goal kicking for New-

ark and kicked goal seven times out of sixteen chances.

Boys awarded the High School "N" were:

- Chas. Brown, Captain.
- Clark Mazey.
- Thomas Mazey.
- Floyd Orr.
- Homer Easterday.
- Frank Ryan.
- Frederick Jones.
- Louis Wall.
- Joseph Hawkins, Manager.
- Dale Warner.
- Orville Rawlings.
- Charles Allen.
- Archie Goodwin.
- Clarence Young.

Upon Coach Millisor's call for basketball candidates November 23rd, fifty boys reported.

This year's team should be a good one. We have Stephan, Warner, Jones and Easterday left from last year's squad and a wealth of material to pick from.

Dale Warner, our last year's star, is captain of this year's team; Frederick Jones is manager and has arranged the following schedule:

- December 18, Newark High at Glenford.
- December 23, Newark Y. M. C. A. at Newark.
- December 31, Newark Alumni at Newark.
- January 8, Newark High at Mt. Vernon.
- January 15, Mt. Vernon High at Newark.
- January 22, Newark High at Columbus (East).
- January 29, Zanesville (Boys and Girls) at Newark.
- February 5, Newark High at Delaware.
- February 12, Delaware High at Newark.
- February 19—Newark High (Boys and Girls) at Zanesville.
- February 26, Columbus High at Newark.
- March 5-6, State Tournament at Delaware.

Newark High, 22. Glenford High, 15.

In the first scheduled game of the season, December 18th, Newark High defeated Glenford High at Glenford, 22 to 15. The game from the first was fast and hard fought.

Stephan, who played his opponent to a standstill, shone for Newark High, while Clark played the best for Glenford. The fellows report a good time.

The line up and summary:

Glenford High, 15. Newark High, 22.

- R. F.
 - Mohler Goodwin-Warner (C.)
 - L. F.
 - King Rawlings
 - C.
 - Ridenour Stephan
 - R. G.
 - Swinehart-Gordon Jones
 - L. G.
 - Clark Easterday-Young
- Goals—Newark High, Warner 1, Stephan 1, Jones 1, Rawlings 2; Glenford High, King 1, Mohler 2.
- Foul goals—Warner 4, Rawlings 7, Goodwin 1, Mohler 9.
- Officials—Rednour and Long (alternating).

Newark High, 37. Y. M. C. A., 33.

In a practice game that was hard fought from ball to ball, Newark High was returned the winner in the first game of the basketball season.

Too much praise cannot be given the team. Without doubt Newark High has a team of championship caliber. We should all go to the games and root and perhaps we might have another special car to go to Delaware next March.

The playing of Beutlick and Fernow shone for the Y. M. C. A. team, while Jones and Warner were the stars for Newark High.

The lineup and summary:

Y. M. C. A., 33. Newark High, 37.

- R. F.
 - Beutlick-Lucas Goodwin-Warner (C.)
 - L. F.
 - Davis Rawlings
 - C.
 - Keys Stephan
 - L. G.
 - Fernow Easterday-Young
 - R. G.
 - Orr Jones
- Score by periods:
- | | | |
|-------------------|----|-------|
| Y. M. C. A. | 16 | 17—33 |
| Newark High | 18 | 19—37 |
- Baskets—Y. M. C. A., Keys 2, Beutlick 4, Orr 4, Davis 4; Newark High, Rawlings 2, Warner 3, Goodwin 1.
- Referee—Rhodes of Denison.

As a preliminary to the Y. M. C. A. game, the Juniors and Sophmores put on a game which was won by the Juniors 13 to 8. The teams were very evenly matched as the score indicates.

The playing of Davies stared for the Sophmores, while the playing of Wiley won the game for his team. The playing of Wiley only goes to show what a little "grit" will do for a fellow. If a few more of us had some of his "Wiley grit" we would have better athletic teams.

The lineup and summary:

Juniors, 13. R. F. Davies (C.)
 L. F. Meyers-Wiley Brubaker-Puckett C.
 DeFrance Sims R. G.
 Bieberbach Emmons L. G.
 McLaughlin Tharp-Woltjen

Score by periods:
 Juniors 2 11—13
 Sophmores 1 7—8
 Goals—Juniors, Jones 1, DeFrance 1, Wiley 3; Sophmores, Davies 1, Puckett 1, Sims 1.

Foul goals—Juniors, Jones 1, McLaughlin 2; Sophmores, Emmons 2.

Referee—Rhodes of Denison.

On December 23rd, the Y. M. C. A. team again sipped the hemlock to the tune of 47 to 17. This is the second time that the "Y" team has suffered defeat at the hands of the Newark High team.

The first half ended 23 to 11 in favor of Newark High. The "Y" team were slow in passing and did not shoot fouls with any regularity. Newark High played a steady, consistent game throughout.

The playing of Davis featured for the Y. M. C. A., while all the Newark High players did fine. However, the playing of Stephan deserves mention. His shooting of baskets in the last half was a revelation to his friends and admirers.

The lineup and summary:

Y. M. C. A., 17. Newark, 47.
 R. F. Beutlick-Lucas Goodwin-Warner (C.)
 L. F. Davis (C.) Rawlings C.
 Keys Stephan R. G.
 Long-Frenier Jones L. G.
 Orr-Fernow-Geggs-Knoll Easterday-Young

Score by periods:
 Newark High 23 24—47

Y. M. C. A. 11 6—17
 Goals—Y. M. C. A., Orr 1, Davis 5, Keys 1; Newark High, Warner 5, Jones 3, Rawlings 8, Stephan 5, Easterday 1.

Foul goals—Y. M. C. A., Davis 2, Beutlick 1; Newark High, Rawlings 2, Warner 1.

Referees—Long and Reinbolt.

Alumni, 41—Newark High, 21.

Newark High celebrated the new year by being defeated by the Alumni on New Year's Eve by the score of 41 to 21. The least said about this game will be the best.

The physical condition of the High team was not good to start with. Three men were laid up with injuries.

With the score a tie in the middle of the last half, Smucker caged two baskets. This took the heart out of the High team and after that the Alumni had a walk away. The only redeeming feature of the High team was the foul shooting of Goodwin.

As for the Alumni, composed of old N. H. S. stars, they played two teams against us. The playing of Smucker and Russel Long in the last half practically won the game for the Alumni.

It is to be hoped that our team, which is the best we have had for several years, in the future, will fight to the end of the game no matter which way the score is going.

The summary and lineup are as follows:
Newark High, 21. Alumni, 41.

R. F. Warner (C.)-Jones Shimmel-Orr
 L. F. Goodwin R. Long-Davis C.
 Stephan Smucker-Shimmel R. G.
 Jones-Easterday-Emmons Sherburne-Rhodes L. G.
 Young Brown-Y. Long

Goals—Newark High, Goodwin 2, Jones 3, Warner 1; Alumni, Brown 2, Shimmel 1, Davis 1, Sherburne 4, Smucker 5.

Foul goals—Goodwin 9, Long 1, Shimmel 2.

Referee—Millisor.

Timer—Rawlings.

Juniors, 13—Seniors, 8.

As a preliminary to the Alumni game, the Juniors defeated the Seniors 13 to 8. The Seniors as the High team did, play-

ed well the first half, but loafed the second half and lost the game.

The playing of Meredith shone for the Seniors, while McLaughlin and Jones starred for the Juniors.

The summary and line up are as follows:

	R. F.	
Jones (C.)	Blizzard
	L. F.	
Meyers-Wiley	Irwin (C.)
	C.	
DeFrance	Meredith

	R. G.
McLaughlin Evans-Hawkins
	L. G.
Bieberbach Chase-B zler
Goals—Seniors, Meredith 1, Hawkins 1, Irwin 1; Juniors, Jones 3, Bieberbach 1, DeFrance 1, McLaughlin 1.	
Foul Goals—Seniors, Irwin 2; Juniors, Jones 1.	
Referee—Rhodes of Denison.	
Timer—Rawlings.	

THE NEW ALPHABET SONG.

Music to appear in next issue.

- A is for Ambition, our class does possess.
- B is for "Baz," who puts us "To Rest."
- C is for "Chasie," with minstrel work good.
- D is for "Dick," who'd raise whiskers if he could.
- E is for "Easterday" of football renown.
- F is for Fifteen, we can't get them down.
- G is for "Giant," who boasts of what he knows.
- H is for "Hawkins," with his broken nose.
- I is for Innocence, our class does possess.
- J is for "Junk," who likes his "loving" the best.
- K is for "Kenny," who grows like a weed.
- L is for "Liz," whom the Juniors did heed
- M is for Midnight, the Seniors call late.
- N is for "Nancy," she took us for bait.
- O is for Opposition, there's lots of it here.
- P is for "Pewee," our captain so dear.
- Q is for "Quizes," we'd be sick if we could
- R is for Rip Pfeffer, who runs our paper so good.
- S is for "Steve," with "fuzz" on his lips.
- T is for "Tubby," who likes to take "tips."
- U is for "Union," for union is best.
- V is for "Virtue," our class does possess.
- W is for "Wisdom," as Wilkins portrays.
- X is for "Xmas," short vacation days.
- Y is for "Young," a guard desired.
- Z is for "Zenith," to which our class is inspired.

Soph.: "I thought you were taking Latin."

Fresh.: "I was but I stopped."

Soph.: "Why?"

Fresh.: "Well, who could get their tongue around a word like 'MCMVII'?"

"Why are you limping?"

"I sat down on the spur of the moment."

Two Seniors on study bent,

Oh, they were very wise!

Retracted into Room Sixteen,

Away from curious eyes.

Away from curious listeners, too,

They locked the sanctum door,

And such a thing as happened next

Has neer occurred before.

The lock was set, in vain they worked;

Called teachers two, three, four,

And then it took another one

To open that barred door.

These Seniors have a lesson learned,

They're wise now as can be,

And if you'd know that lesson, too,

Ask L. L. and R. M. P.

Teacher: "What is a polygon?"

Pupil: "A dead parrot." —Ex.

Teacher: "Define space."

Pupil: "I can't exactly say it, but I have it in my head." —Ex

Guns may shoot;

Shells may burst:

But home I stay:

"Safety First." —Ex

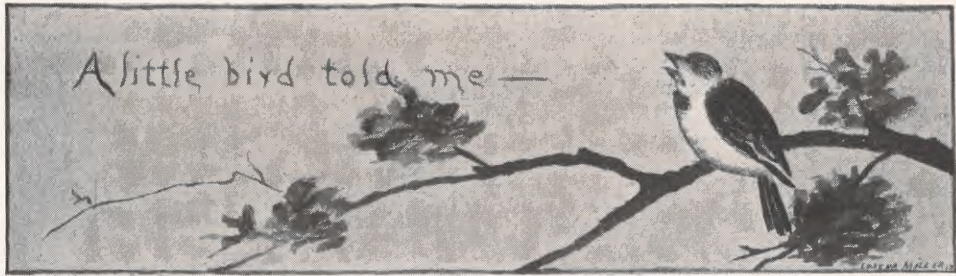
Teacher: "What do the poems L'Allegro and Il'Penseroso represent?"

Pupil: "Happy Hooligan and Gloomy Gus." —Ex.

First Drummer: "So that is a pretty slow town, eh?"

Second Drummer: "Slow? Why, man they have bull frogs there three years old that can't swim yet." —Ex.

Fred P. in General History: "The 'Religious Chickens' would not eat."



SENIOR LOCALS.

Mr. S.: "In naming any binary acid, we say hydro—then the secondary element, add the suffix-ic. Now, Wilson, what would you call an acid containing 'Iodine'?"

Wilson I.: "Hydro Idiotic."

Miss T.: "All this school needs is enthusiasm. A German bomb should be dropped in the midst of us."

Josephine L. to Kate D.: "She means a bum."

Mr. G.: "Laurence, if you were singing to a large audience and you thought some one in the back of the room couldn't hear you, what would you do?"

Laurence: "Open my mouth louder."

One of Mr. Tait's latest literary works is "Dessertation on Garbage." It has been received with mute suffering by all of his civics classes.

Mr. T.: "There are three objections to people in New York throwing their garbage into the ocean. What are they?"

J. L.: "Why, there is where they get oysters."

Ruth P., in literature: "He heard of his wife's death and died in fifteen years."

Miss T.: "Was Ruskin an artist?"

Ruth P.: "He never painted himself with a brush." (Take it any way you desire).

B. M. wants to know who Mr. T. calls "Hands" in the seventh period American History class.

Mr. T.: "Louise, have you been following the war?"

Louise: "No, but I've been reading it."

Mr. G.: "What is interference?"

Laurence L.: "Bein' knock kneed."

A number of girls were talking about our old men Seniors and their mustaches when Lou Ella H. spoke up and said: "I don't like them, they are too scratchy."

Mr. G.: "Mae, what is interference?"

Mae: "I don't know."

Mr. G.: "Well, I didn't mean interference in a football game."

Agnes E. standing in front of the mirror combing her hair. Sarah B. watched her awhile very attentively and at last looked up and said: "Agnes, if you would sit down you could reach it better."

H. L.: "Don't Dick S.'s voice sound funny?"

J. L.: "It is strained."

H.: "Why?"

J.: "He is raising a mustache."

Mr. G.: There is a tri-weekly train to Shawnee. It makes a trip one week and spends the other two trying to get back.

What is sheet music? Snowing.

Miss T., talking about girls and boys working at home:

Joe L.: "Laurence L. washes dishes."

To lose his friendship would cause regrets,

For like wine, with age the better it gets.

Kate D.: "Gee, he'd make a good husband for you." (Get busy, Laurence).

Here's to Tait by name,

Who year in and year out is the same;

Grace Killworth: "John Gudenkig was where Maize invented the printing press."

Mr. G.: "What are beats?"

Leslie Evans: "Well, could you say



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they were the difference in the number of vibrations of two tuning forks?"

Mr. G.: "Yes, you could say it but it isn't near right."

We Wonder.

Why are Leland and Dick always tardy on Monday mornings? There certainly must be some reason.

Why, Josephine L. and Kathryn D. practice basketball, whether for flesh reducers or flesh producers?

What kind of rogue Herschel J. uses. It is so effective.

Why Dale W. is so blue these days. Surely Cleveland isn't so far away as that.

The topics they are best suited to converse upon:

Lou Ella H.: That Day called Easter.

Mildred McC.: That river "Rine."

Frederick M.: Girls, nothing but girls.

Homer E.: American Beauty Roses.

Clarence B.: Elements of Physics.

Grace K. and Helen L. bunting balls in Physic Lab. Grace: "I am not going to throw balls any more."

Helen: "I'm not either; I'm going into a heritage."

Received, New Year's Day for H. Stephan, a handful of buttons.

JUNIOR LOCALS.

Mr. M. (in geometry): "If I should get a box of candy for Christmas and would eat half of it on Christmas, half of the remainder the next day and so on, the candy would last forever. What would that be called?"

Olive H.: "That would be the limit."

Robert S.: "High School kids can't 'spout' poetry."

Mr. T.: "What was Michael Angelo?"

Lucille D.: "A famous Italian 'architecture'."

"When Bruce heard of the execution of his brother, it reduced him to despair."

Indolent Boy (reading): "When Bruce heard of the 'explosion' of his brother, it reduced him to 'repair'."

Mr. P. (to Junior class): "Now, I wouldn't have known you wanted that if you hadn't told me." (Never mind Mr. S.; no one suspected you of mind reading.)

In order to abolish the overworked "I don't know," a thoughtful professor decided that every student who dared say "I don't know" in his class would walk around the room during the remainder of the period. It has become a question with the professor whether to give up his idea or put in a new floor.

Miss McC. (to carolers): "Now don't you people make any noise back here, for the least disturbance 'sounds like thunder'."

Vocations to Be Followed by Various Juniors.

Grace K.: President of a Matrimonial Bureau with the noted sage, Mr. Gingery, as 'head' assistant and adviser.

Olive H.: Famous actress rivalling Lillian Russell in the number of marriages and divorces.

Frank G.: President of a bank located on a "bluff."

Lee M.: Manager of a "Miscellaneous Store."

Ava B.: Newspaper reporter.

Helen R.: Fortune teller.

Robert I.: Prize fighter, competing with Russel Rine for the world's championship.

Lela D.: In vaudeville, in the great metropolis, Utica. There are rumors that Miss Davis may take up a permanent residence in Utica in the near future.

Frances E.: Noted modiste, who is taking the place of the Parisians who have been put out of business by the war. It is a subject for debate whether it had not been better to have tried and saved a few Parisians.

"Before the weary students now,
Looms up the examinations,
That many have often wondered how
Could be brought to 'aduation'."

"But that is for the wiser sage,
Who alone knows and does not say
At what remote and distant age,
Such things as these will have 'passed
away'."

Sarah Louise T. (reciting L'Allegro):
"Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And 'live to love' in dimple sleek."
Mr. Parker, showing Catherine W. and Bud P. the stage embrace.

Catherine W.: "Mr. Parker, you do it first so I can see what it is like."

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Helen Rossel: "Mr. M., that ought to be drawn perpendicular to A. B."

Mr. M.: "Yes, but what if it isn't, though?"

Helen R.: "Well, that's your fault then."

Miss T.: "Haven't you ever read 'Tom Sawyer', Madge?"

Madge B.: "No, not 'till his vacation."

Gladys D.: "I wonder if she's read 'Mother Goose'."

SOPHMORE LOCALS.

Charles H. (commenting upon Harvey's oral theme): "But I don't see the point in that article."

Harry W.: "Neither do I."

Veda B. (translating German): "Naturally, sometimes, till he has a pair of scars."

Miss L. to Woolson D.: "Did you visit Woolson: "No, I visited my grandmother."

Maxine D.: "Apelles painted a horse so natural that all the other horses nighed at it."

Miss A.: "What was the battle of Leuctra noted for?"

Woolson D.: "The crush of Sparta."

Miss L.: "Did Sir Roger ever walk with the widow along this walk?"

John F.: "No, but he wanted to."

Soph.: "No twenty-five cents (meaning quarter) was given to men acting as Greek mercenaries."

Mr. D.: "Carl, how would a ship get to India?"

Carl E.: "It would be thru the Rock of Gibraltar."

General History paper: "The resolution of the Spartans was indorsed by the Peloponnesian League, and proved by the Delphic Oracle."

Miss L.: "What would you call the widow with whom Sir Roger was in love?"

Woolson D.: "A croquette."

Mr. P.: "The denominator begins with one and goes straight up."

William P. (in Ancient History): "What did they burn Thebes down for?" Why didn't they have her stand and use her himself."

FRESHMAN LOCALS.

Miss L.: "Will you answer me?"

Robert B.: "I can't talk when your choking me."

Miss M. (in English): "What was she doing in there?"

Mary U.: "Oh, I don't know, she was just in there, I guess."

The High School Freshman was not doing very good work and the Principal called him into the office to explain.

Principal: "Ralph, how many subjects are you carrying?"

Ralph: "Why, I am carrying one and dragging three?"

Willard W. (in Physical Geo.): "What would happen to you if you fell into a crater of a volcano?"

Mr. B.: "If you were fireproof, maybe you cou diswin around awhile; if not, more than likely you wouldn't last long."

Freshman Would Like to Know:

How many years were necessary for the complexion of a locomotive?

Who decorated Independence?

The Letter "E"

Someone has advanced the opinion that the letter "E" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is always out of cash, forever in debt, never out of danger and in hell all the time. For some reason he overlooked the fortunates of the letter, so we call his attention to the fact that "E" is never in war, always in peace. It is the beginning of existence, the commencement of ease, and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no meat, no life and no heaven. It is the center of honesty and makes love perfect.

It might have been said also that "E" is twice found in Confectionery, one of the best of the good things of life. Everybody goes to the Sparta Confectionery for their Candies, Ice Cream and Sodas—why don't you?



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